

Wichita Daily Eagle

And the ice man wriggles his fingers at the man who predicted that this would be a summerless year.

At the present price of gross pork—\$5.50 per hundred pounds—Cleveland would fetch on the market just \$17.

Cleveland, it is said, will make his absence to a German specialist, by whom he hopes to be made less obese.

With today the days begin to shorten at both ends, though it will be several weeks before it will be perceptible in the day's length.

Why is it that a man thinks he is doing things up brown when he is painting the town red?—Topeka Democrat.

It is not easy to answer, but it is equally true that after he is done he is blue.

Speaking the sentiment of the western half of the country, or at least the largest portion of it, the Emporia Republican artfully remarks that "the country wants the Sherman law repealed, but it wants to be sure before hand that it is going to get something better."

The Lawrence Record is making fair progress, it must be allowed towards its objective position of an independent journal. It has already got far enough along to characterize those who criticize the present administration on account of its apparent hostility to pensions as "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart brand of howlers." These "dogs of war" were esteemed a valiant set, though, when they were holding at bay in 62-3 and chasing to death the horde of conspirators against the life of the nation.

A close and critical reader of the Eagle calls down on a misapprehension of a term in a little squib in these columns a few days ago. The item was in reference to Willie Wilde, whose late wife was designated as "Mrs. Frank Leslie," who was nee Minnie Florence and later Mrs. Frank Leslie. Thanks to the Eagle's good friend for the correction. We should all be very careful in stating facts not to employ misleading terms, because some people accept as true almost any statement they see in print.

The price of wheat has fallen to the lowest it has been since the war, but the effect has been almost to eliminate the speculative element from the markets and cause large purchases for foreign consumption. The crop reports indicate that, taking things all round, we shall have an average good crop this year on the basis of present conditions; and it is tolerably certain that as consumption removes the surplus of wheat in store, prices must rise from their present abnormally low level. What will be seen in the country is a general economizing, a cutting down of expenses everywhere, and nothing short of the present commercial crisis could have forced this. Importers who have not seen this coming, and have imported heavily, are likely to have to sell at a loss. Manufacturers who have large stocks on hand unsold will be in the same boat.

Never, perhaps, has the verdict of a trial jury in a criminal prosecution been more heartily and unanimously endorsed by the reading public than will be the return of "not guilty" in the case of Lizzie Borden at New Bedford, Mass., Tuesday. Public sympathy has become apparent that the prosecution gave it out, by acts, that it was bent upon fastening the guilt of the terrible crime upon Lizzie Borden, the daughter of the murdered man and his wife, whether or no. It was a forced put on the part of the state to maintain its action from the beginning, and the absence of a single point of direct evidence, and of circumstantial evidence of even a probable character, supplemented by the unnaturalness and want of motive, made the prosecution appear as a crime against the accused. The common opinion is that a righteous verdict was rendered.

A case has been appealed to the state supreme court from the circuit court of Rice county—Judge Bailey, Plaintiff, to decide definitely whether or not the present mortgage and redemption law, passed by the last legislature, applies to mortgages in existence prior to the time the new law went into effect. Judge Bailey decided that the law does so apply, though two or three other circuit judges have ruled that it does not. The enactment of the law was in answer to a general demand throughout the state and was not understood to have any political bearing whatever, though since the law has become operative it has been found susceptible of different construction, as indicated above. The point missed seems to hinge upon whether or not a mortgage is a full and binding contract as soon as it is recorded, or depends upon future action—as non-payment at maturity or default of interest—for its completion, and the decision of the court will no doubt be directed to the point suggested.

That the world's fair is the greatest educational agency of modern times will hardly be questioned, and that the educators of the country, from the common school teacher to the college president, will attend the fair as far as practicable is not doubted. The man or woman who has chosen teaching as his or her life work presumably desires to be equipped therefore the very best, and to that end every opportunity for increasing the store of knowledge is availed, whether theoretical or practical. Speaking to this point the Hutchinson News would make it obligatory upon every teacher to attend the fair at Chicago, barring those who refuse or fail from any cause to attend the great exposition from the school room as instructors. To make such a requirement arbitrary would work a hardship in many cases, and for various reasons, but the Eagle is of the opinion that it were money well spent if the state could have seen its way clear to send its educators to this matchless midsummer institute, paying their expenses for at least two weeks there.

RAILROADS AND THE LAW.

The railroad commissioners of South Dakota, on the advice of the interstate commerce commission, have decided not to enforce the maximum freight rate bill passed by the last legislature, on the ground that the bill is faulty and certain to be upset. Experience has taught the interstate commerce commission that all laws contrary to the views of the railroads are faulty. Every vital issue between the law and the railroads that has been tried has been decided in favor of the railroads. Our state commission is proving to be as much of a failure as the interstate.

Nearly two years ago the interior jobbers of Kansas made complaint to the state board, and after three or four months, got a decision in their favor. The law was invoked to enjoin the roads from carrying out the order of the commissioners, and the case has been re-trying in the supreme court for over a year. The fact that the roads are higher than the law may be considered a good thing for the railroads, but it will result disastrously in the end.

Rev. Joseph Cook in a letter to a friend in Indiana, on Sunday-closing, wrote, "Federal authority has been defeated by a Chicago clique. Local barbarism rides roughshod over law and order. The decent opinion of mankind as to the obligation of contracts has been outraged by the directory of the world's fair." The trouble with the Rev. Joseph is that he is too exclusive in his views of the case. He forgets that the undertaking is a world's fair, not an entertainment got up for the special amusement and edification of a class with a particular set of notions. His declarations are of the same inspiration that prompted the demon who prayed: "Oh, Lord, bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife; as four, and no more."

Referring to the Eagle's article of a few days ago about advertising Kansas at the world's fair, by every Kansan who goes to the fair constituting himself and herself a committee of one to talk Kansas to everybody met there, the Newton Kansan makes further observation: "Everybody knows that vast benefits accrued to Kansas from the manner in which the state was advertised at the centennial world's fair at Philadelphia. Circumstances have prevented a similar exposition of her fruitfulness, progress and prosperity at the present fair, but the Wichita Eagle's suggestion is practical, and if carried into effect, will do much good."

KANSAS IN THE EAST.

The New York Sun has been giving Kansas some advertising so different from that we have been receiving of late that the change is highly agreeable. And while it is given in a half facetious and semi-sarcastic sort of way it contains a compliment to the state no less gratifying than surprising. The Sun says: "The people of Kansas are now struck with a mania for paying off their debts, just as they formerly had a mania for running into debt. So we learn from an eminent Topeka statistician, Mr. John R. Mulvane, who makes the statement after an examination of the official reports of all the counties of the state. The news is so startling that we cannot believe it at first sight. Mr. Mulvane says that the enormous crops of recent years have enabled the farmers to liquidate about 50 per cent of the debts they have previously incurred, while at the same time they increased the body of their live stock and improved their farm buildings."

The wheat and corn crops of the last four years has brought in \$236,500,000; there were 3,365,000 head of hogs and 700,000 head of cattle marketed last year, or eight times as many of the latter and three times as many of the former as were marketed in a year not far back. In forty-four counties of the state there is not a single pauper, and in thirty-seven counties there was not a criminal case on the court docket at the time of the last report. We can hardly believe all these statements, though they are backed up by figures copied by Mr. Mulvane from the books of the counties, from those of the Kansas City stock yards, and from those of the grain buyers.

ABOUT KANSAS.

A North Lawrence woman, 58 years old, made graduating dresses for three of her grand-daughters this year.

Hon. Ben Curtis, county attorney for Shawnee county, died at Streator, Ill., Tuesday. The remains will be brought to Topeka for interment.

So Miller thinks that the downfall of J. R. Barton, as shown in his eulogy on Jeff Davis, began when he went on Biddle's boat for state treasurer.

One of the features of the display in the Kansas building at Chicago is a large silk snuffbox banner, on which Albert Bigelow's snuffbox poem is inscribed in full.

A Hutchinson money broker writes to the Kansas Farmer that more than one-half the money he loans belongs to the state and a good per cent of it belongs to the farmers.

The number of gold watches assessed in Topeka this year is 86, and the value \$13,700. An exchange asks, "Isn't \$15.50 a little cheap for gold watches?" Not for the sort worn in Topeka.

The death rate is lower in Kansas according to records than in any state in the Union. Only about twelve to every 1,000 persons die there in a year. People are not in a hurry to leave Kansas even to go to heaven.

It is stated in the prints that Webb McNeill, the clean-shaven man of Smith county, visited the world's fair last Sunday and registered as Mr. Leese of Wichita. Does this indicate a step in the direction of a flop?

A German resident of Leavenworth named Bayer, after three ineffectual efforts to take his own life by the use of a pistol, a knife and the river—dispensing the attempt at suicide with intervals over twelve years made a fourth and successful attempt Monday, this time taking a dose of rough on rats.

A Horton woman recently witnessed a funeral conducted by the Masons. As a customary on such occasions the oldest member carried the Holy Bible, on which was displayed the square and compasses. The woman in question while relating the affair to a friend said "there was nothing on the Bible but a razor and a pair of shears."

one of the most profitable industries of Kansas.

Forty-four counties in Kansas, possessing poorhouses and farms, were a few months ago without a single pauper, and in thirty-seven counties of Kansas at the last term of the district court there were no criminals for trial. It is interesting to note that the woman suffragists will rely upon this statement of facts as a strong argument in support of that notion, but the relevancy is too obscure for this writer's nostrils.

OKLAHOMA OUTLINES.

The Democrat has been moved from Lexington to Norman.

The dentists of Oklahoma are now feasting on wild grapes and current ribs.

The editor of the Edmond Democrat has secured the appointment as postmaster of that city.

Our Irish potatoes, says the Arapahoe Bee, would make old Ireland turn green with envy.

A family in G county were poisoned by a centipede falling in the well. Prompt medical attention saved their lives.

People never get too old to marry in Oklahoma. A young man, aged 72 and 75 years respectively were married Monday in Guthrie.

Present lodge, No. 10, I. O. O. F. of Crescent City, will have a public installation of officers on the evening of July 4, for the ensuing term.

Hon. Dennis Flynn is reported as saying that the residents of the Chickasaw nation estimate the white population of the reservation all the way from 100,000 to 200,000. None of them place it at a smaller number than 100,000.

An Oklahoma Press-Gazette reporter upon entering Circuit Clerk Clark's office Friday was confronted with this sign placed on the door: "My time is worth \$2 an hour to hunt the records for charges against applicants for records."

Purcell Register: Cotton has been "bumping itself" this week, and promises to make a fine crop. The average is thought to be some larger than that of last year, while the yield, from present indications, will be much better.

Oklahoma Press-Gazette: Frank Cochran yesterday received the appointment as deputy marshal for the western district of Arkansas, comprising the western district of Arkansas and the Indian Territory just east of Oklahoma and the Choctaw country.

Governor Reinfrow has pardoned Erwin C. Huntley of Crescent City. Huntley was convicted and sentenced to two years on the charge of shooting with intent to kill, but extenuating circumstances were proven and hence executive clemency.

Arapahoe Bee: Register J. M. Burch and Mr. Hardenbrook are anxious that all members of the Masonic fraternity meet them at Arapahoe on the 4th of July with the view of forming a lodge in the county. A good hall can now be had for regular meetings and an organization should be formed.

The Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe railway has made contracts for 50,000 tons of Alabama coal annually. The coal will be mined near Birmingham, and shipped to Galveston by way of Mobile in barges. This will necessitate the construction of a steam elevator, and parties have been dispatched to New York to purchase a plant. Hereafter the Santa Fe system has obtained the greater portion of its coal supply from the mines in the Indian Territory.

Guthrie Leader: Yesterday the \$48,000 of territorial bonds were sold at per Treasury Murphy's terms, issued some days ago. They consisted of \$18,000 territorial university, \$15,000 normal school and \$15,000 agricultural college bonds, all 10-30's, drawing 6 per cent; and the successful bidder was Mr. M. L. Turner, cashier of the Capital National bank of this city, he bidding \$6.30 premium on the entire issue. There had been considerable apprehension recently that the territory would be unable to find a purchaser for the securities, owing to the disturbed condition of the money market. New York has been refusing to accept securities for some time, and it seemed doubtful whether any acceptable offer would be found when the bids were opened. The result is highly satisfactory and too much credit cannot be given Governor Reinfrow and Treasurer Murphy in making so good a sale in a time of extreme financial depression. It also speaks well for Guthrie that our local financial institutions was able to purchase the bonds of the territory at a price above par, thus showing to the country that we are independent of outside help in a financial matter. Oklahoma's bonds are gold-diggered.

EXCHANGE EPITOMES.

Should Perspire. We grow about the weather. Till we almost have the blues. Although the sun is just at hand When we'll surely get our dues.

A Perilous Question.

Bossism in the Republican ranks has cost the party of progress a good many thousand votes in Kansas. Shall it be continued, or will the rank and file of the party take a hand in the future and bring the reforms desired within the party?

About Flowers.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Heliotrope has too woody a stem to revive when once wilted. A drop of camphor in water will freshen the most tired violet. A rose will keep its shine better if it is pinned lying downward instead of up. A flower cut from the plant in the morning will outlast two flowers cut later in the day, when the sun is upon them. A rose will not lose its petals so soon if you put olive oil in the water, not letting the water touch the calyx.

On Their Own Petard.

From the Lawrence Journal. Harper county farmers made a scale of wages which they agreed to pay for harvest hands, and a contract was made not to pay more than the scale. Some men of the opposite political faith saw a chance for fun, threatened to prosecute the farmers for forming a trust, and as a result the scale and the combination were quickly dissolved. The Populists cannot see why the laws they want passed should at any time or for any reason be applied to themselves.

Department Address-Camp.

The following named comrades have been appointed aides-de-camp on the staff of the department commander (G. A. R.) and will be respected and obeyed accordingly: William E. Nims, post No. 5, Washington.

John T. Taylor, post No. 6, Leavenworth.

S. H. Andrews, post No. 12, Lawrence.

William Hodson, post No. 17, Hutchinson.

John McCoy, post No. 191, Beatrice.

D. W. Ball, post No. 112, Concordia.

L. R. Yates, post No. 130, Hartsburg.

J. W. Upperman, post No. 174, Medicine Hat.

E. H. White, post No. 183, Yates Center.

L. T. Sanborn, post No. 376, Atchison.

HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

She Was Not the Hard, Unforgiving Creature He Expected.

"You're come, have you?" said my mother-in-law in a deep voice, as she stood on the threshold grimly surveying me with eyes that shone like hard, greenish-blue gooseberries behind her spectacles. For such modern trifles as eye-glasses were as unsuited to my mother-in-law's fine Roman nose as a point lace collar would be to the Venus di Milo. I could feel her glance penetrate to the very marrow of my bones; and yet I contrived to keep a bold front as I stood facing her.

It was rather a curious complication. My mother-in-law had not the least idea who I was. I had cheerfully intended to take her by surprise, but now that the great moment had arrived, my courage, like that of Bob Acres, as Jefferson shows him, was oozing out at the ends of my fingers.

My name is Richard Dalton. I was then just twenty-one, with a face that was not absolutely ugly, a sublime audacity, and pockets not particularly well lined, and I had just distinguished myself by running away with a pretty girl, bearing school.

"But, Dick," she had remonstrated, "we have nothing to live on." "Don't be a goose, darling!" had been my reply. "What do people need to live on? All the wants of this world, more or less, are fictitious. A crust of bread and a glass of water three times a day, and now and then a suit of clothes—we must be poor, indeed, if we can't manage to compass that."

Nettie had looked admiringly upon me and acquiesced in my argument. We had taken board at the "Angel Hill Hotel," and began our honeymoon royally. At the end of a month mine host had become a little importunate on the subject of his bill, and Nettie's mother had written a letter to her signifying that she wanted nothing whatever to do with us. We had made our own bed, she signified, and now we might lie on it.

"Oh, Dick!" cried Nettie, clasping her hands: "what are we to do?" "Hanged if I know!" was my rather blank response. "But don't cry, darling, I'll go and see her myself."

"You, Dick?" "I, myself?" "She'll have nothing to say to you?" "She can't help herself."

"She'll turn you out of doors." "We'll see about that."

"But, Dick, you don't know—you can't have any idea—how terrible she is," sighed Nettie.

"St. George conquered the dragon, my love," I asserted, cheerfully, "and I mean to conquer your mother. So pack my valise, there's a darling, and I'll be off before the landlord comes back from Liverpool."

"But, Dick, if he's troublesome, what can I say to him?" appealed poor little frightened Nettie.

"Tell him I've gone out of town and shall be back in a few days," said I, confidently.

But valiantly as I spoke, my mental sensations by no means corresponded with this bold part. I was beginning dimly to realize what a very unwise step I had taken and also persuaded poor Nettie to take.

And I was secretly making up my mind that if Nettie's mother refused to receive us, I would ship myself off to sea as second mate or third passenger, or something of that sort, send my advanced wages to my poor little wife and commence the world over again in this irregular fashion.

But when I walked resolutely up to my mother-in-law's door she greeted me as if I had been expected for the last week or so.

"You've come, have you?" was the salutation.

"Well, yes," I admitted, "I've come." "What on earth detained you?" said she.

In my mind I cast about what to say and settled on the first convenient excuse that came into my head.

"The train was delayed at Bogletown," said I.

"Well, come in, now that you're here," said she, "and get warm. It's awful cold weather for this time of year, isn't it?"

"Yes," said I, with an assenting nod. "Let me see," said my mother-in-law, as she took a steaming platter of ham and eggs out of the oven and lifted shining copper pot from the stove; "how old are you?"

"One and twenty," said I.

"Do you think," said she, pensively feeling her chin, "that you are able to take care of the place? There's a great deal to do, you know, on a farm like this. Do you think you're up to the work?"

"Of course I think so," said I, wondering what on earth my mother-in-law meant.

"You are married, I suppose," said she.

"Oh, yes," said I, swallowing the hot coffee and winking my eyes very hard. "I'm married."

"Can your wife make herself generally useful about the place?" sharply demanded the old lady.

"Certainly she can," said I, beginning eagerly to see my way through the mists of perplexity that had heretofore obscured my brain.

"How old is she?" asked Mrs. Martin. "Eighteen," I answered.

Mrs. Martin frowned.

"What does possess girls to get married now-a-days," said she, "before they've left off dolls and patchwork?"

I looked thoughtfully down at the pattern of my plate—a pink Chinaman crossing a carmine bridge with two very red willows drooping at the far end of it, and some impossible streaks of water below—and made no direct answer.

My mother-in-law was doubtlessly laboring under a misapprehension, but I did not exactly see that it was my business to set her right. She had evidently engaged a steward, and took it for granted that I was the personage in question.

"Certainly," said I, reflecting to myself that any fool might do that. She asked one or two questions more, which I answered with the blind fatuity which attends youth and confidence. She seemed pleased with my willingness to undertake anything and everything.

"And now about wages?" she said briskly. "What will you ask for your own services, and those of your wife-by-the-month?"

I lifted the tips of my fingers reflectively together.

"As we are both rather inexperienced," said I, "we'll agree to work the first month for our board; after that you shall pay us what you think we are worth."

"Hum—hum!" said my mother-in-law, "that's a sensible proposition—a very sensible one, indeed. Well, send for the young woman at once. In the meantime I'll show you over the place and explain to you the nature of your duties."

So I hired myself out to my mother-in-law as farm servant, without further ceremony, and immediately wrote and posted a return to the post office I met a burly young man meditating at a spot where four roads meet.

"Can you tell me, sir," said he, "where Mrs. Abel Martin lives?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I can tell you," I responded, affably. "But if you are looking for the situation, I may as well tell you that it's filled."

The burly young man made some remarks, indicative, in a general way, of his opinion of the fickleness of woman-kind, and departed, whilst I returned rejoicing to the old farmhouse.

"Here's a very nice beginning," said I to myself. "It is now my business to give as much satisfaction as possible."

Fortune favored me in more ways than one. My mother-in-law sprained her ankle on the second day, and I played cook as well as man-of-all-work with distinguished success, and I had the satisfaction to hear her say to old Miss Priscilla Perkins that she didn't know when she had taken such a notion to anyone as she had to the new man.

"He's too young and good-looking to suit me," observed Miss Priscilla, pursing up her steel-trap of a mouth.

"He's good looking, ain't he?" said my mother-in-law. "But he's dreadful handy about the house, and he ain't one bit afraid of work. And you ought to have seen the oysters he stewed for my supper last night, and the cup of tea he made; why, I don't miss Jeannine Styles one bit. If Nettie could have stayed single till she met such a man as this!"

I smiled to myself as I laid out the kindlings for the breakfast fire. My accomplishments as "Jack-of-all-trades" had never done me much good before. But now they were certainly winning me much credit in the world.

At the end of the third day she had told me the whole story of her daughter's runaway match with a "good-for-nothing young city chap."

On the fourth day she had consulted with me as to whether it was better to put the forty-one lot into oats or rye, and I had won her heart by taking to pieces the old town clock, which had not gone for ten years, and restoring it to running order once again.

And on the evening of the same day Nettie arrived, all blushing and trembling.

"Oh, Dick," said she, "is she very angry?"

"My dear, she hasn't any idea who I am."

"But, Dick—" "No buts, my darling," said I cheerfully. "Let us be Julius Caesar and Octavia. We come, we see, we conquer."

I dragged my unwilling little wife into the back room, where my mother-in-law lay on a sofa nursing her ankle.

"Here's my wife, ma'am," said I, "and I hope she'll give satisfaction."

Mrs. Martin jumped up, spite of the wounded ankle.

"Nettie!" she cried, in blank amazement.

"Oh, mother, mother!" faltered Nettie, throwing both hands around the old lady's neck, "please forgive me this time and I'll never, never elope again!"

"Please, ma'am, will be good," added I.

And my mother-in-law relented on the spot. How could she do otherwise? "Honesty, my dear," she said, "you've been a naughty girl—there's no denying that. But your husband seems a handy man about the house, and I'm tired of living alone. So take off your things and go to work getting supper. As for you, Richard—"

"Yes, ma'am," said I. "I know I've been playing a double part, and deceived you all along. But I wanted you to like me—and you know," I added, "all is fair in love and war."

"Well, I do like you a little," admitted my mother-in-law. "And now that I have seen you, Dick, I don't much wonder at the way Nettie behaved."

After that she never scolded me any more. And I honestly believe that this is the only case on record in which a mother-in-law was conquered in so brief a campaign. Nettie says she doesn't know how I did it. In fact, I don't quite know myself—Bow Bells.

—Intuitive Knowledge.—"Now, Bobbie," said the teacher in natural history, "what is a panther?" "A man that maketh panth," lisped Bobbie—Puck.

"How about this new neighbor, is she agreeable?" "No, she's had three new dresses inside of a month."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Fishes That Live on Land. Fishes of the genus *Arlocheilichthys* can live on the land, and often march in large droves from one piece of water to another.

Oak Strangled by a Fir. A wonderful freak of nature can be seen on the farm of Mr. S. D. Petrie, near Lorne, in Silesburg precinct, Lane county. One of the branches of a fir tree which has grown entirely around a white oak tree. The fir tree is about 150 feet high and about five feet in diameter three feet from the ground. The size of the oak tree is not known, except where it projects from the fir, about seven feet from the ground, where it is six inches in diameter. The oak is dead, having been strangled by the fir some time ago. Not long since there could be seen on the same farm a purely white oak, having one blue eye, the other eye being a natural color. In the same neighborhood, on the farm of William M. Luman, there could be seen a cut with a letter of certain letters.

And with equal earnestness I responded: "Anything?"

"Come I like that," said my mother-in-law, rubbing her hands. "At least you are not afraid of work. Do you understand cows and horses?"

"Well, not much," I owned. "There were no cattle in my last place." (Which was very true, for I had been a clerk in a bank.) "But I have seen the best about that I could soon learn. If you would kindly show me what is expected of me."

"Can you cut wood?" she asked.

Be on your Guard.

If some grocers urge another baking powder upon you in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit upon it. This of itself is evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

To insure the finest cake, the most wholesome food, be sure that no substitute for Royal Baking Powder is accepted by you.

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

The Wichita Medical and Surgical Institute.

(INCORPORATED) Full Corps of trained Specialists with private Hospital advantages. Twenty years in practice, eight years in Wichita.

Consultants at office or by mail. Free and private. Medicine (prescribed by mail or extra) everywhere. No charge for examination. No charge for consultation. No charge for treatment. No charge for hospital. No charge for medicine.